

French fop: you gaue vs the the counterfeit fairely last night.

Romeo. Good morrow to you both, what counterfeit did I giue you?

Mer. The slip sir, the slip, can you not conceiue?

Rom. Pardon Mercutio, my businesse was great, and in such a case as mine, a man may straine curtesie.

Mer. That's as much as to say, such a case as yours constrains a man to bow in the haire.

Rom. Meaning to curfie.

Mer. Thou hast most kindly hit it.

Rom. A most courteous exposition.

Mer. Nay, I am the very pinck of curtesie.

Rom. Pinke for flower.

Mer. Right.

Rom. Why then is my Pump well flow'r'd.

Mer. Sure wit, follow me this ieaft, now till thou hast worne out thy Pump, that when the single sole of it is worne, the ieaft may remaine after the wearing, sole-fingular.

Rom. O single sol'd ieaft, Soly singular for the singlenesse.

Mer. Come betweene vs good Benuolio, my wits faints.

Rom. Swits and spurs,

Swits and spurs, or Ile crie a match.

Mer. Nay, if our wits run the Wild-Goose chase, I am done: For thou hast more of the Wild-Goose in one of thy wits, then I am sure I haue in my whole fiue. Was I with you there for the Goose?

Rom. Thou wast neuer with mee for any thing, when thou wast not there for the Goose.

Mer. I will bite thee by the eare for that iest.

Rom. Nay, good Goose bite not.

Mer. Thy wit is a very Bitter-sweetening, It is a most sharpe sawce.

Rom. And is it not well seru'd into a Sweet-Goose?

Mer. Oh here's a wit of Cheuerell, that stretches from an ynnh narrow, to an ell broad.

Rom. I stretch it out for that word, broad, which added to the Goose, proues thee farre and wide, abroad Goose.

Mer. Why is not this better now, then groning for Loue, now art thou sociable, now art thou Romeo; now art thou what thou art, by Art as well as by Nature, for this dricling Loue is like a great Naturall, that runs tolling vp and downe to hid his bable in a hole.

Ben. Stop there, stop there.

Mer. Thou desir'st me to stop in my tale against the

Ben. Thou would'st else haue made thy tale large. (haire.

Mer. O thou art deceiu'd, I would haue made it short, or I was come to the whole depth of my tale, and meant indeed to occupie the argument no longer.

Enter Nurse and her man.

Rom. Here's goodly geare.

A sayle, a sayle.

Mer. Two, two: a Shirt and a Smocke.

Nur. Peter?

Peter. Anon.

Nur. My Fan Peter?

Mer. Good Peter to hide her face?

For her Fans the fairer face?

Nur. God ye good morrow Gentlemen.

Mer. God ye gooden faire Gentlewoman.

Nur. Is it gooden?

Mer. 'Tis no less I tell you: for the bawdy hand of the Dyall is now vpon the prick of Noone.

Nur. Out vpon you: what a man are you?

Rom. One Gentlewoman,

That God hath made, himselfe to mar.

Nur. By my troth it is said, for himselfe to, mar quotha: Gentlemen, can any of you tel me where I may find the young Romeo?

Rom. I can tell you: but young Romeo will be older when you haue found him, then he was when you sought him: I am the youngest of that name, for fault of a worle.

Nur. You say well.

Mer. Yea is the worst well,

Very well tooke: I faith, wisely, wisely.

Nur. If you be he sir,

I desire some confidence with you?

Ben. She will endite him to some Supper.

Mer. A baud, a baud, a baud. So ho.

Rom. What hast thou found?

Mer. No Hare sir, vntesse a Hare sir in a Lenten pie, that is something stale and hoare ere it be spent.

An old Hare hoare, and an old Hare hoare is very good meat in Lent.

But a Hare that is hoare is too much for a score, when it hoares ere it be spent,

Romeo will you come to your Fathers? Weele to dinner thither.

Rom. I will follow you.

Mer. Farewell auncient Lady:

Farewell Lady, Lady, Lady.

Exit. Mercutio, Benuolio.

Nur. I pray you sir, what sawcie Merchant was this that was so full of his roperie?

Rom. A Gentleman Nurse, that loues to heare himselfe talke, and will speake more in a minute, then he will stand to in a Moneth.

Nur. And a speake any thing against me, Ile take him downe, & a were lustier then he is, and twentie such knockes, and if I cannot, Ile finde those that shall: scurrie knaue, I am none of his flurt-gills, I am none of his skaines maces, and thou must stand by too and suffer euery knaue to vexe me at his pleasure.

Pet. I saw no man vse you at his pleasure: if I had, my weapon should quickly haue bene out. I warrant you, I dare draw as soone as another man, if I see occasion in a good quarrell, and the law on my side.

Nur. Now afore God, I am so vext, that euery part about me quivers, skurvy knaue: pray you sir a word: and as I told you, my young Lady bid me enquire you out, what she bid me say, I will keepe to my selfe: but first let me tell ye, if ye should leade her in a foolies paradise, as they say, it were a very grosse kind of behauiour, as they say: for the Gentlewoman is yong: & therefore, if you should deale double with her, truly it were an ill thing to be offered to any Gentlewoman, and very weake dealing.

Nur. Nurse commend me to thy Lady and Mistresse, I protest vnto thee.

Nur. Good heart, and yfaith I will tell her as much: Lord, Lord she will be a ioyfull woman.

Rom. What wilt thou tell her Nurse? thou dost not marke me?

Nur. I will tell her sir, that you do protest, which as I take it, is a Gentleman-like offer.

Rom. Bid her deuise some meanes to come to shifte this And there she shall at Friar Lawrence Cell

Beshriu'd and married: here is for thy paines.

Nur. No truly sir not a penny.

Rom. Go too, I say you shall.

Nurse

Nur. This afternoone sir? well she shall be there.

Ro. And stay thou good Nurse behind the Abbey wall, Within this houre my man shall be with thee,

And bring thee Cords made like a tackled staire, Which to the high top gallant of my ioy,

Must be my conuoy in the secret night. Farewell, be trustie and Ile quite thy paines:

Nur. Now God in heauen blesse thee: hark you sir, What saist thou my deare Nurse?

Nur. Is your man secret, did you nere heare say two may keepe counsell putting one away.

Ro. Warrant thee my man as true as Steele.

Nur. We'll sir, my Mistresse is the sweetest Lady, Lord, when 'twas a little prating thing. O there is a Noble man in Towne one Paris, that would faine lay knife a-

board: but she good soule had as leuee a see Toade, a very Toade as see him: I anger her sometimes, and tell her that Paris is the properer man, but Ile warrant you, when I say so, shee lookes as pale as any clout in the versall world.

Doth not Rosemarie and Romeo begin both with a letter?

Rom. I Nurse, what of that? Both with an R

Nur. A mocker that's the dogsname. R. is for the no, I know it begins with some other letter, and she hath the prettiest sententious of it, of you and Rosemary, that it would do you good to heare it.

Rom. Commend me to thy Lady.

Nur. I a thousand times. Peter?

Pet. Anon.

Nur. Before and apace. Exit Nurse and Peter.

Enter Juliet.

Jul. The clocke strook nine, when I did send the Nurse, In halfe an houre she promised to returne,

Perchance she cannot meete him: that's not so: Oh she is lame, Loues Herand should be thoughts,

Which ten times faster glides then the Sunnes beames, Driving backe shadowes ouer lowering hills,

Therefore do nimble Pinion'd Doves draw Loue, And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings:

Now is the Sun vpon the highmost hill Of this daies iourney, and from hence till twelue,

I three long houres, yet she is not come. Had she affection and warme youthfull blood,

She would be as swift in motion as a ball, My words would bandy her to my sweete Loue,

And his to me, but old folkes, Many faime as they were dead, Vnwieldie, slow, heauy, and pale as lead: and me I

O God she comes, O hony Nurse what newes? Hast thou met with him? send thy man away.

Nur. Peter stay at the gate. O Lord, why lookest thou sad? Though newes, be sad, yett tell them merrily,

By playing it to me, with so sower a face, Nay come I pray thee speake, good good Nurse speake.

Nur. I am a weery, giue me leaue awhile, Fie how my bones ake, what a iaint haue I had?

Jul. I would thou had'st my bones, and I thy newes: Nay come I pray thee speake, good good Nurse speake.

Nur. Iesu what hast? can you not stay a while? Do you not see that I am out of breath?

Jul. How art thou out of breath, when thou hast breth To say to me, that thou art out of breath? The excuse that thou dost make in this delay,